

temperature, which is slightly higher than ordinary spring water, hardly ever varies. A few years ago some sensational cures, which caused much discussion, took place there. The Catholics, with a soupçon of superstition, attributed them to the intervention of the saint on their behalf, who used the waters as a means to an end; whilst the Protestants, not denying the cures, ascribed them to the peculiar properties of the waters, which were bound to have a beneficial effect on certain kinds of diseases. On visiting it we saw, here, a boy bathing his eyes; over there, a woman bathing her leg; farther on, a man fixing his ears, and so on. Many crutches and sticks and other objects have been left as votive offerings.

There are many stretches of beautiful scenery along the north coast of Wales, almost all of the towns being used as summer resorts.

The town of Conway, enclosed by its walls with their twenty-one dilapidated round towers, has a fine old fortress in Conway Castle. This vies with Carnarvon Castle for first place in picturesque ruins. Both of these are of vast dimensions and are filled with interest for seekers of historic lore. Henry de Elreton designed them and Edward I. built them, or rather started them. It is said (although the facts of history are against it) that it was in Carnarvon Castle that his infant son was born shortly after he subdued the Welsh. Edward grasped the opportunity to "present" or "foist" upon the amazed Welsh people a "prince who could speak no word of English." They were elated with his apparent magnanimity until they saw the English infant prince, when they realized, to their chagrin, that,

also, this Prince of Wales could speak no word of Welsh. From that time the eldest son of the King of England automatically takes the title of "Prince of Wales."

Close to Bangor and Penrhyn Castle are the famous slate quarries, which produce the finest slate in the world.

Returning east from Carnarvon, we passed through Llanberis, which lies at the foot of Snowdon and from which point is the nearest ascent to the summit, which can be reached by railway. It is very fine to travel up Llanberis Pass with its grand and rugged scenery, surmounted by Snowdon on the one hand and the lakes in the valley on the other. A turn to the right brought us to Beddgelert, and it was in these fastnesses of the Snowdonian range that the Welsh fought and kept the English at bay for so long. One battle is especially described when the Welsh, true descendants of the warrior Celts, hurled huge rocks over the pass onto the English army in the valley below. The Welsh love this part of their country, and most of their legends and superstitions have originated there. The principal peak of the Snowdonian Range is called by the Welsh *Y Wyddfa*—the Place of Presence; meaning, no doubt, the Place of His Presence.

Mrs. Hemans has it thus:

"Theirs was no dream, O monarch hill,

With Heaven's own azure crowned,  
Who called thee—what thou shalt  
be still—

White Snowdon!—holy ground."

Llanberis Pass leads to Capel Curig, which is the headquarters for tourists visiting Snowdon, and thence on, the road brings us to the beau-